

HOT DOGMA

Utah's only homegrown existential hardcore skate'zine

no. 3
\$1.00



Pillsbury H.C. Justice League F.S.P. Short Dogs Grow

HOT DOGMA fanzine no. 3
(formerly Positive Dissent?)

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Special Thanks to Norma for her continued support.
Did we forget anyone?

BANDS!!!

Play St. George...

"Biggest Little
Scene in the
West"

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The 5 Questions

People Ask

Shaun Norcross Most:

>How did you get to be the new Deviants guitarist?

-Well, I've known the band for awhile now. One day they told me they needed a new guitarist, and I told them I'd be glad to join. We just hit it off from there. I think it's the greatest music experience I've had yet.

>In what ways do you implement the band, both musically and lyrically?

-I'm working on my leads and I've written 2 songs which will hopefully end up on the tape late this year. The band has definatly changed it's sound since I've joined. Hopefully my playing will change people's attitudes towards the band.

>What else is up with the band?

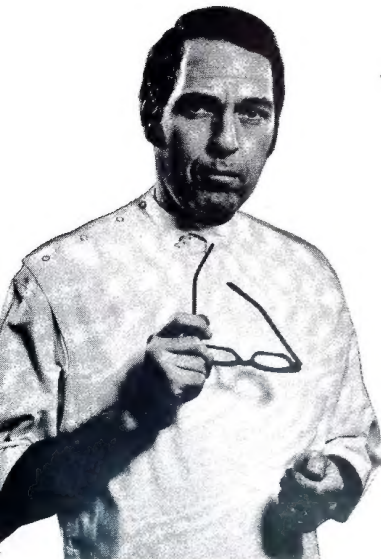
-Just working to perfect our sound. Maybe our tape will earn us a name.

>What's going on in the St. George scene?

-Nothing lately. We hope to promote alot of shows and make St. George a big name in hardcore. I'd like to add a couple of words about Id. They are also from St. George and I think they deserve alot of mention. They're one of my favorite bands and we hope to do a gig with them again.

>Anything else you want to say?

-Not now, but you'll hear from me again soon, somevay.



Jeff, Yellow humans, (and punks too):
Yes, no, black, white, peace or fight.
Things that are in mind, things that are
in heart.

Questions of reality bring truth to moral-
ity. I defend my ideas by exposing your
fears.

Answer my questions so that I may follow.
You. Cover me from reality so that I may
worship you.

Ask me what I believe in, or better yet,
ask me what I don't believe in! Ignore me.
Confusion: How can I describe something I
don't understand? It's hard, it really is.
Growing up, facing reality, it all just
hits you in the face.

Ok, picture this, ya know, ya graduate
from High School (just barely), so I'm
out of school. Now what? My parents stress
on the job, so ok, I get this real lame
job, a fast food dump. I then realized
that it's either school (college), or work
(shit job). So I decided I'd try a two-
year college. I never was too hot in
school, so here I am going to college tak-
ing Photo, Silkscreening, and I'm a co-
editor of the school art mag. While going
to school I get real lucky and my mom
plugs me a job at a big factory, working
forty hours a week. The pay is good, but
the hours...3:30 pm to 12 midnight. School
vuz Ben to Zym, and it just wasn't cutting
it! So I drop school.
Ok, here I am now!

...Going to work with the same people who
have been doing the same repetitive work
for 5, 10, 20, 30, 40 years! As you can

probably guess, they are all jell brains.
I see my life going nowhere in a rush.
This is me at eighteen years of age. I am
living with two uncles and a close friend.
We all have some type of monotonous work
and I am the youngest. It's sad.

I'm destined to a life that I feared. And
why? cuz I got lazy!

So if you're reading this and you think
punk rock is just sooo cool, man, and punk
is just your life, then chances are you're
a shithead like me! There are always those
(very few) who will do something. But let
me tell you something, all those fucking
Crass (and other bands that have all
the answers) lyrics have some truth in 'em
but for the most part it's typed up shit
to get you all excited with No Solutions!
Yes, there are a million things wrong with
the world, But things are gonna happen and
NOTHING is going to stop'em!

Sure, you can argue with me and I will be
more than happy, but this is my opinion
and I am entitled to my opinion!
Punk Rock: let me tell you what I think
punk is! I am us 10, 11, or 12 year punk,
but I have been into punk for a good eight
years and I think I've seen enough to tell
you a thing or two. I dunno when all this
political, straightedge, and vegetarian
crap came in but I sure wasn't in the be-
ginning.

Punk was, at least to me, a bunch of
people doing whatever the hell they wanted
Different, absurd, fun, ugly, loud, soft,
you name it, it was done and everyone had
a lot of fun together. Something different,

with no rules and everything was accepted!
And this is where I made my mistake. In-
stead of appreciating, enjoying, and being
a constructive part of punk I just leached
and call'd myself a PUNK ROCKER. Yea man,
a real punker who spent all his money and
time being a punker, defying all the rules
(of society) and being a typical stereo-
type. Well life wuzna spianin' and I wuzna
punkin'.

What I'm trying to tell ya is...Enjoy. 'I
Have a good time, be part of the movement
if you like, but don't forget there is
also reality.

There is alot out there (in the world) and
alot can be done. Punk (now) is very lim-
ited. So don't put a limit on yourself.
There is nothing more beautiful than help-
ing others and having others help you!
Take the ups and downs of reality and not
some three hour rush that will only delay
your self-punishment. Fight for what you
really want. Break the way you really want
to live.

It's all been done over and over so quit
being another statistic. Be yourself.

Your friend,

→ KIRK ←

Kirk publishes a pretty cool zine of his own
called "SFTH". Issue #4 is \$1.50 ppd. box
2516/ Cypress, CA 90630. Now how about sending
us a copy. Kirk???

"Innocence Lost" with harold nelson

TASTE, TASTE, TASTE. For too long, taste has
controlled peoples lives. Take this zine for
example. It is not adequate, pornographic, or
even a place to relax because of some jerks,
meanies, regular or cool dudes tastes.

We need to take a closer look at just how much
our own aesthetic tastes control our lives.
Be cause of taste we decide wether to go to
college or get a job at a grocery store. Okay,
say our tastes lead us to college. Well, do my
tastes want a community college, a tech, or a
major university? Those of you who have read
this far know that my tastes led me to the job
at the grocery store.

To greater understand the impact of taste,
tell me what war hasn't been started because
of opposing tastes. Would you like me to name
one that was? Well, okay, how about the war
between the diminutive peoples of Lilliput.
You know, the first stop in Gulliver's Travels.
One side wanted their eggs upside down. The
other preferred them right side up. Because of
opposing egg tastes, it nearly spelled the de-
mise of a great surgeon turned sea captain. We
know him as Gulliver.

But enough about war. Let's talk about hair
tastes. For quite awhile I had a theory that
skinheads were skinheads because of cobalt
treatments which made them lose their hair and
act hostile towards others. But since studying
the skinhead more closely, I've decided that
this too can be attributed to tastes.

In summary, let me make it clear that my
objective is neither to persecute or condemn.
My only concern is the injustice we do our-
selves when we trivialize that seemingly in-
nocent noun/verb we call 'taste'.

AS THE
WORLD TURNS...



my dogma has fleas

PillsburyHARDCORE

Pillsbury MC was interviewed after their debut and showtime performance at the Cincinnati by Jeff and Jason, with Harold joining in towards the end. The band consists of Shucky, Bob, Joel, and Joe on vocals and guitar. Shoven on guitar, and Joel on drums. The Doughboys plan to release a full length LP shortly and will tour the East Coast in July.

MC: How do you spell Shucky?
Shucky: Some people spell it S-H-E-C-K-Y. Some people spell it S-H-E-C-K-Y.
MC: As in Shuck E. Cheese?
Shucky: No, as in Shucky Green, the famous pioneering stand-up comedian of the early days.
MC: Who's missing here?
Shucky: Shawn. He's sleeping in a motor-home somewhere down the street.
MC: I can't think of any questions.
Shucky: This is fun, as in P-M-O-U.
MC: What did you think of St. George, the show?
Joel: Totally God. The best show ever.
Shucky: St. George is pinnacle. The show is pinnacle.
Bob: I don't know. I've been in St. George on time before and I didn't really catch any vibes.
Joel: You weren't in the right spot.
Bob: I guess so. I don't know. It seems like a pretty cool place and the show was pretty cool too. I really enjoyed the show alot and this place you have is just incredible.
Shucky: Ah man, this place is a landmark of irreplaceable genius. Norms, a true goddess.
MC: What do ya think of the loopy vernacular on this table?
Shucky: Shit. I thought it was covered with brew when I came up here. I veered away and sat next to formal!
MC: Everybody knows your last ep was called "Straightedge Lingo". Does that still have any significance to you?
Joel: Ya, we're all totally hardcore straightedge except for that. (pointing to Bob drinking beer....in moderation)
Shucky: Well, I'm doing my best. I have my faults and one of them's meadness so don't count me out!
Bob: Believe straightedge is a state of mind more than a set of rules. If I can paraphrase the guy who set it all up and caused this movement, or whatever the hell it is.
Shucky: Jonathan Smith?
Bob: Ya, something like that.
Shucky: Ah, yeh. HI JONATHAN.
Bob: It's kind of tough being labeled a 5/E band. I never thought of us as one.
MC: Our old singer was Straightedge.
Shucky: That was Scab.
Bob: Totally straightedge. Almost militant.
Joel: So am I. I just don't believe in the 'x'.
Bob: Ya, but you don't force it on people.

He was almost to the point of forcing it on people, y'know "it's straightedge and if you're not, fuck off" type of attitude.
Joel: Ya, but that's him. That's his own personality.
Shucky: We can all dig his scene.
Bob: He came up with the title for the record. I'm not bad moutching him at all and I totally live by it. But that's just his trip.
Joel: We're exactly as straight as we were when we started that record.
Bob: None of us has changed. We're still the same people.
Shucky: Just without Scab.
MC: So are these hard feelings between the band and Bill Tuck?
Joel: He's totally in his own world. He goes thru fads alot.
Bob: Well I don't want to say anything bad about Bill coz all of us have been friends for many years. I think he just burned out on singing and being in a band. He slowly faded out of the picture and it just kind of fell apart. He didn't want to be in it anymore.
Shucky: He was too serious about the scene. Our scene is serious and we wanna get shit done but it can't be fuckin' professional. That's stupid in the scene.
MC: What about that ad he put in Flipside?
Shucky: Oh, man. No more recollections of Dear Abby and the singles parties.
Bob: One time he ran an ad that was based on a dare from Hudley. Did you see the one where it said "OK Bill, now where's my Metallica tape?" I think it grew out of his frustration to move on, do something else.
Shucky: He married, sorry, but he married.
Bob: So now he's got a steady girlfriend and he's happy. I hope.
Shucky: Maybe he gonna meet Bob Eubanks soon. Drill some new questions and let sleeping dogs lie. That's D-O-G-Z.
MC: So what's Pomona like these days?
Shucky: Ugly.
Bob: In one word, dead.
Shucky: Shit-hole. It's got a hospital...
Joel: It's got railroad tracks, some tenements.
Bob: Lots of poor people living on the street.
Shucky: Although North Pomona bordering clarrmont does have it's upper middle class, and, hey, they take care of their front yards.
MC: You have Toxic Shock. Is that any kind of an asset?
Bob: Well, I worked at Toxic Shock for 3 years and at the time it was my idea of the ultimate independent record store.



Since then things have changed. I don't work there anymore and I don't think the owner and I saw eye to eye on what each of us wanted to do.

Shucky: It's not dedicated to helping people. It's dedicated to surviving on his own and putting money in his own pocket. Period.

Joel: Well, I agree.

Shucky: I agree man. That's the way I feel. Okay, Big it. I need to wrap the store. It's more like Toxic Rock nowadays.

Joel: It still has its total choice of underground. If it folds we're gonna have to go to LA.

Shucky: Or off the record, San Diego, which is the pinnacle.

Bob: Although we've never been to Raunch I've been talking to Brad on the phone for many years. I was hoping he'd show up tonight.

HD: We've never seen Brad down here. It's a total monosyllabic relationship.

Shucky: That's sooo rad, cave-man lingo.

Bob: He seems like a pretty cool guy. He is probably trying desperately to run a store and gets the feeling as one cares.

HD: In what direction is the band headed?

Bob: All directions. As far as I'm concerned, anything is possible. We have our melodic songs and we have our more chaotic noisy ones. We incorporate all sorts of elements into the sound, and whatever comes out, comes out. It's totally a group effort. When we write songs somebody will come up with an idea and it just kind of builds.

Shucky: It's usually after we eat too much raspberry ripple.

Bob: And it all molds together to form the Pillsbury sound, whatever that is.

Shucky: Poppin' Fresh! That is the sound. There is a direct influence with Poppin' Fresh dough... Makes the world go 'round.

We also want to give our blessings to Paul Friess who was da voice of da Pillsbury doughboy and died last month at the age of 66. He was also the voice of Boris Badinov and Natasia on the Rocky-Bullwinkle show.

HD: Where did the name come from anyway?

Bob: That goes back to Bill. It all started at a party. He and Joel were the original members.

Joel: There's this thing called straight-edge fascist and we just got out there and played Van Halen covers really bad.

The second show we made a whole bag of Big Country butterflake biscuits and threw them. And after that we had a Sun Valley show and we threw out 2 bags of them and we were giving out sodas and they threw half of them back. I had biscuits in my bass drum. They were flying at me.

Bob: The band started in the summer of '88 at parties, on a dare, and it was total chaos. After 3 months Shawn and I joined the band and we got Shucky a couple of months after that and it just kind of solidified. I couldn't play and Shawn could barely play, and Shucky plays incredibly well.

Shucky: Well, but not in the beginning. It was abstract. "Where am I going?" "What path do I take?"

Bob: We had titles, like "I love Popped" "1,2,3,4" and we'd all start playing whatever. And if you listen to our ep really closely, everything is not all together. The guitars are not always playing the same thing.

HD: Amazing.

Shucky: It's just barely hanging together.

Bob: Those old songs we still play that way. We refuse to play any semblance of chords just cuz that's the way the songs are. That's the way they're supposed to be.

Joel: We keep them as original as they were or it's wrong.

Shucky: It's not Poppin' Fresh if it's too tight.

HD: Are you infringing on any copyrights or trademarks?

Shucky: The doughboy!

Joel: The swirl logo!

Shucky: Everything! Pillsbury, we love you.

Bob: This is a company that spends 8 million dollars a year on advertising.

HD: If you got sued, it would almost be like Jello. Bedtime for Bob.

Bob: Well, what would happen, because we're so small, they'd realize you can't squeeze blood from a turnip, so what I figure they'd do is send us a cease and desist order and then we'd have to change the name.

Shucky: Nuts the word. Don't distribute this msg to Minnesota.

Joel: When we go on tour, we'd like to visit the factory.

Shucky: Inconspicuous. We'll visit the factory and maybe get a few assembly-line aprons. But our dream is to actually be invited to play there. But no one will ever know.

We can never say a fuckin' word to them.

HD: Uh, so I guess what we're getting at is that you're a people band as opposed to a message band.

Shucky: No, man. People rule, not messages. No people, no message.

Bob: Well I think the message is that people rule. I think if we have to narrow it down the most important thing is that we care about you.

Shucky: And you having fucking fun. That's it. It's all about having fun.

HD: How did this bad blood come about between you and NO-FX?

Bob: OK, it goes back to when I was doing gigs in So. Cal., 12XU productions, which was me and Bill, and Joy. We put on gigs whenever we could and I spent so much money that I didn't even have, but it was fun. And so NO-FX was coming to me all the time, just never stopped bug-ging me: "give us a show, give us a show." So finally I said they could play at this little place we had in Pomona that held barely a 100 people, it was probably the size of a closet you have here. The show was with DRI and a bunch of other bands. NO-FX showed up late, they were drunk and were totally uncaring and it was just such a mess. I just really hummed hard on their attitude.

Shucky: You gotta work with people, not fuckin' fight 'em.

Bob: They're nice guys and everything, but I couldn't take them seriously as a band for even 5 seconds. I said look, I gave you your chance and I will never book you again. I think you suck and I hate your band. I was honest and I told them to their faces. They couldn't take it so they wrote the song about which will be on their next record, if it ever comes out. It's on Mystic and I saw a test pressing of it when I was in S.F. and I actually heard the song but I have yet to see it in any store anywhere.

HD: They were selling it when they played here.

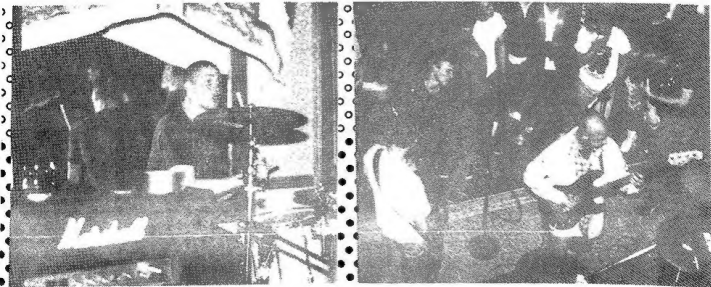
Bob: Really? But is it getting distributed?

Shucky: I haven't seen it either. We usually see all that shit right away. I'm gonna buy it so we can learn it.

Bob: The songs called Bob Turker and It's got a picture of a little stick figure with a pot belly.

Shucky: That's GD!

Bob: If they got a beef against me that's cool. But if writing a song about it is



as creative as they can get, like they don't know what to write about, so they slide people off, that's their problem. I don't really care.

Shucky: Fuck, we'd rather play with the Stupids anyway. They're fucking fun. They're not "Fuck, I'm angry man, but I have no solution to my anger."

Bob: Bob, do you know Garry Maxwell?

Bob: No, Bob does not know Garry Maxwell. He looks just like me!

HD: Exactly.

Shucky: Wow, we gotta see him.

HD: From pictures we'd seen of you, we thought you looked like Harold's brother Jed, coz you did sport a beard at one time.

Shucky: Ya, it was alippery. I didn't dig it. It was anti-punk.

HD: What about 12IU & what about Partibus?

Shucky: I know I sent a buck to 12IU for a xine once and never got anything.

Bob: 12IU was done completely by him. He had good intentions but the famine just never came together.

Shucky: He had all the motivation but he just didn't have the willpower to go for it!

Bob: If you really want one, I have a whole bunch.

HD: Of course I want one. How what about Partibus?

Bob: It's been my dream for many years to start a record company. About a year ago I actually got up the balls and the money to do it. The Justice League as was the first record. Ever since then I've been horribly in debt, scraping together every nickel available to put out records.

I generally beg and plead with friends to lend me money so I can keep the company on it's own 2 feet. But so far it's been pretty successful.

HD: What are some upcoming releases?

Bob: Our new record is more or less done. Bill sings on 9 songs. That should be out in March or April before we go back on the road this summer. The Justice League album will, and I repeat, will be out in 2 weeks so I got the money now and everything's gonna happen.

Shucky: That's 2 weeks from 12/31, 31 cos it's after midnight, 12/31/86. Thankyou.

Bob: The Foundation will be out the same time. The Dada Brassage will be out around the end of January, as will the Public Humiliation new 7 inch.

HD: What do the rest of you do?

Shucky: Record collecting.

Joel: I go to art school and I work at Dominoes Pizzeria.

Shucky: I'm a shitworker on a loading dock.

Joel: I get to work with dough. I make doughboys all day.

Shucky: No further comment on work. I hate it. That's the only reason to work is to do what you want. You gotta use work as your tool for fun. That's P-I-I-I-I.

HD: How do you feel about Lesay Bruce?

Bob: Lesay Bruce rules. I saw the movie "Lesay" with Rustie Hoffman. It was great.

Shucky: I don't know anything about it but "Blue Velvet" is the pinnacle. Fuck.

I give an A+ to Dennis Hopper for the psychotic acting award.

Bob: It was banned in the state of Utah.

Joel: It was practically banned in So. California too.

Bob: It's the new movie from David Lynch, who made "Eraserhead".

Shucky: It's like a mystery with all kinds of really psychotic murdering and viated sex. If you get a chance to see it on video, do it. By far da best cult flick of '86.

HD: Does anyone care to continue our discussion on Lin's Thriftway?

Harold: Ya, Donald Duck orange juice on sale for 59¢

Shucky: Oh wow! That's totally great. Is that the deal?

Harold: Long Grain spaghetti on sale. 2 packages for a dollar.

PMC: TEAM!!!!

Harold: Elbow-ram! too.

PMC: Bowoooo!!

HD: Any political inclination?

Shucky: My only political inclination is to say Hi to Gary and John Moeller of Political Silence in Beautiful Schwartz-creek, Michigan.

Harold: And Your Worst Nightmare from Delaware, if I could ever hear them. Y' know, Jenny never said anything about that in her letter.

HD: Great Harold, but this is a Pillsbury Hardcore interview.

Shucky: That's okay. But that in.

HD: Do you guys eat alot of baked goods?

Shucky: When Tommy Stupid stayed at our house, me and him were eating the Country Southern Style and Buttertastic!

cannisters every night.

Bob: Now!

Shucky: Me and Tommy Stupid are Biscuit Masters. And don't forget, Sara Lee biscuits have no animal fat.

Bob: Ask me if I give a fuck.

Shucky: Baked Goods Rules!

Harold: Aaaaaaahh! What happened?

Bob: You were just attacked by a militant Christmas tree.

Shucky: Ask us what our favorite bands are.

HD: Do you think we can ask you what your favorite bands are and still be Flip-sides Fanzone of the Month?

Shucky: Cynanid, Ny 3 Sons, Children in Adult Jails,...

HD: Cynanid's great but Children in Adult Jails sucks.

Shucky: Ah, man, they're rad. The girls are cute, too. And one band that is long forgotten, The Francine, from Aurora, CO. Sooo rad.

HD: Harold, pick up the Christmas tree, is your new song, "Right-wing Death Squads" about Central America?

Bob: It comes out of the idea I had that if we keep sending money to the contras in Nicaragua and the El Salvadoran government, it's just gonna eventually turn on us. The government will support the same type of actions in this country and you'll have right wing death squads knocking on your front door, seeing if you're obeying the law.

Shucky: And raiding our baked goods from our refrigerators.

HD: Are we out of tape yet?

Shucky: One last comment. We all ♀ Sc. George. It's the Pinnacle. Fuck, everyone's the coolest. By the way, the Deviants are totally rad. And Id? whew, mokin'!!

HD: Well, thanks for coming, guys. Anything else?

Joel: Buy Garbage Pail Kids 6th Series.

Shucky: Just wanna say, the St. George daily paper is so rad.

Joel: The downtown Christmas decorations too.

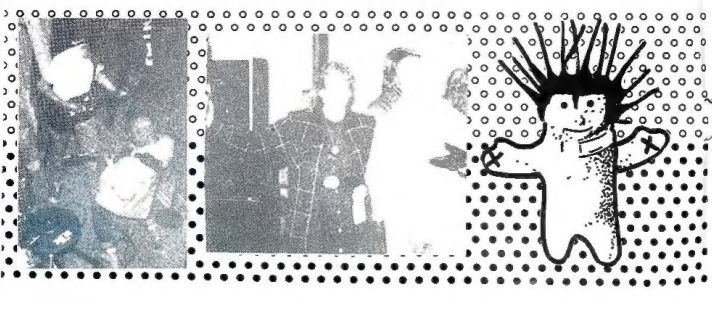
Shucky: Really quaint. And the JB's Big Boy with the really underground Big Boy c- shirts.

Bob: All I can say is, You're hired. You can do all my publicity. If you can get a story about little shit bands like us printed in the newspaper that everyone in this town reads, that's rad.

Shucky: Norma's picture - gonna be on our record somewhere. Thanks alot.

Bob: Support your local independents.

Shucky: Long live the Doughboy!





with
Steve g.

The show had just come to a close. Bomb and FSP had just played and given it everything they had despite a disappointingly small crowd.

"Great show," I heard a lot of people say as everybody slowly filtered out of the old elementary school.

"Well Jeff, how are we going to get the p.a. back to Vegas?" Danny asked.

"Well, me and Steve here are going to take it back in Marty's truck tomorrow morning." We are? I said "You are." Having nothing else to do that day, I agreed.

But later on I started to have second thoughts cuz Jeff and I had just come back from picking up the p.a. the day before and it was a grueling 4-hour trip. I know what you're thinking, "4 hours, his fucking deal" but believe me, it was HELL.

The next morning Jeff woke me up and said it was time to go to Vegas. We left St. George and everything was going smoothly when Jeff thought he heard a strange noise. "What was that?"

"I dunno," I said. Just to be safe Jeff stopped the truck and looked behind us. About a quarter mile back we could see something in the road about to be run over by a semi.

"Oh, fuck. It's Danny's make stand" I said. "Go get it," Jeff pleaded. "I'll park the truck and come help."

So I started running and when I got there it was really smooched up. "Oh, God. Danny's going to kill us!" I thought as I looked back to see Jeff give up running and head back to the truck, but he wasn't making any progress. So I started running, but I wasn't making out too good either. In fact, we were losing ground, real fast.

"What the hell..." I heard Jeff yell over the sound of traffic. Then with a surge of adrenaline and the skill of a Hollywood stuntman, he caught up with the truck, leaped in the back, and made his way into the cab and slammed on the brakes just in time to prevent the truck and p.a. from going off a very long and steep embankment. When I got there I saw what had happened.

In all the excitement Jeff had forgotten to put the truck in park.

"Man, that was close," I said.

"Yeah, if the truck had gone much further we'd be in a lot of trouble with a lot of people," Jeff said.

And sure importantly, my beer would have been smashed. The trip went smoothly after that, except for piss stops every thirty miles.

"Steve, Steve! We're almost there!" Jeff said.

"Yeah, yeah. I can see it." I must look more impressive at night. In the day it looks like a desert with tall buildings and casinos. (Excuse me Steve, but it is a desert with tall buildings and casinos...editor)

We arrived at Danny's sometime in the afternoon, unloaded the p.a., and I passed out. Later in the afternoon Danny woke me up and handed me a plate of ribs and fries. The bbq sauce was godlike. It was probably the best meal I've ever eaten. After we'd finished Danny asked us if we wanted to go to a show in Vegas that night. We said sure cuz we were too exhausted to drive back home. So we loaded the p.a. up again! "Man, this is getting old," I thought as we jumped in the truck and drove off while 13 year old prostitutes and crack dealers approached us wanting our money for their... specialized services. When we pulled up to the place it was still pretty much dead, just a few people setting up inside. We unloaded the p.a. for the billionth time and then just waited around, made some friends, and I bummed a few smokes. Around 7:30 or 8 people started showing up and the first band starts to play. Right then I got a bad headache so I spent the rest of the show rooting on a couch out in the lobby listening to some great music and Jeff talking to some friends about a protest at the test site. I fell asleep. When Jeff

woke me up the show was over. We helped clean up, loaded the p.a., picked up some wine, and headed for Danny's. There I slowly fell asleep again while Jeff read a stack of Danny's MRR back issues taller than he was. I must have been asleep for about an hour when this real crazy dude (who we later find out is Danny's roommate) knocks over his scooter, and tells us about a million times how his friends left him at McDonalds on the strip. By the way, he's a really cool guy. We woke up at 8 am, showered, and took off for sunny St. George, finally leaving the p.a. behind. What a trip. I hope I can do it all over again soon.

MANY PEOPLE CLAIM
TO HAVE SEEN GHOSTS,
EVIL SPIRITS, AND
EVEN SATAN HIMSELF
BUT WE ALL KNOW
WHO THEY REALLY
SAW..... JASON BEAZER

The other day I was sitting on a boulder, and a thought suddenly struck me. Luckily I've got a glass jaw and quickly recovered. The thought itself went like so: If a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound?

Quickly recognizing this for the meaningless pseudo-Zen koan that it was, I just as swiftly knocked it out of my head. However, it brought to mind a problem that had been bothering me for quite some time, namely that asshole get laid a lot, and cool guys (such as myself) don't!

I immediately left the boulder and repaired to my favourite retreat, the 101 Mancho, to give this problem the consideration it deserved (coincidentally getting as drunk as I could [on Utah beer]). Settling up for a game of pool (my ego versus my id) I asked my pal, Frank the bartender about it:

"Frank, why do you think it is that assholes always get laid and cool guys don't?"

"Jason," he said, "I couldn't tell ya."

"Thanks, Frank," I said. "You've resolved the whole problem for me, and in a suitably epistemological manner too."

"Anytime, kid."

I returned to my pool game, sucked down another Oly, and thought deeply. What would Kant do with a problem like this? For that matter, what would Jerry Lee Lewis have done? If only Nedogone were here. She'd be able to help.

Giving up on pool (id-I, ego-O), I returned to my apartment, where my roommates lay in a daze, watching "Critters" for the 1,000th time.

"Hey Reil, where can I find meaning if I can't get laid in a town where neo-skins have anal sex constantly?" said I.

"Man, I forgot to go to the doctor to have my leprosy checked on today," he replied.

Giving up, I retreated to my room, deciding to summon the spirit of Liberace (my patron saint). No sooner had I conceived the notion than POW, with the glitter of diamonds in my eyes and the tickle of a feather boa in my nose, he appeared. Seating myself, he spoke: "It's all so simple. If only you had read the books of John Herman, you'd understand. All women's deepest desire is to be slaves. Act on this premise and all will be yours."

"Geez, thanks mister," I stammered.

"Think nothing of it, dear boy." And with that he was gone, only the scintillating flash of a pinkie ring remaining for a brief moment.

At least I was happy. I shot down some T-bird and went to bed fulfilled.



I know, I've read somewhere, that by some unspecified standard Washington County, of which St. George is the county seat, is the most conservative county in the most conservative state in the nation, which is of course Utah, by any standard. But due almost entirely to the fact that negligence and deception on the part of the government during the 50's above ground nuclear testing in the Nev. Desert has in the years since spawned the premature cancer deaths of hundreds of livestock and more importantly atomic veterans, neighbors and family members, the government has betrayed and enraged an otherwise overwhelmingly patriotic and trusting community.

So although Southern Utahns loathe the continued testing mostly because of the possible health risks involved rather than it's effect as a catalyst in the perpetuation of the arms race, anti-nuclear sentiments are much more acceptable here in Birchville than are similar "liberal-left" causes such as environmental and Central American issues. And so, had we bothered to tell anyone, I'd like to think it would have been with the blessings of our community that Rich and I ventured forth in to the desert to protest nuclear testing.

Every time I go to Vegas something shitty usually happens. I've been known to fall asleep at the wheel and burst in to flames for no apparent reason on similar outings and this trip was no exception. We left St. George at 11 p.m. on February 3rd in Rich's car and hadn't even left the city limits when the head lights started flickering on and off for 2 or 3 seconds at a time due to a short in the electrical system. By the time we reached the narrow Virgin River Gorge the headlights were going off for up to 10 seconds at a time and we both wondered if perhaps we shouldn't raise our voices against the nuclear menace some other time. But we persevered through the darkness and arrived in downtown Vegas around 2 or 3 a.m. where we were promptly escorted from half a dozen casinos before we finally ended up at the Thomas and Mack Center around 5 a.m. At first we were the only ones there and we thought maybe the whole thing had been cancelled since the Dept. of Energy had detonated the bomb 2 days earlier in an attempt to thwart the demonstration, which was originally planned to coincide with the day of the test, the first of 1987. But within the space of 20 minutes hundreds of people showed up in cars, vans and buses. A lot of punks were there, including the guys in Schitoid and some from as far away as Texas. I traded and passed out aims like there was no tomorrow while we waited to get on one of the dozen or so buses which led the caravan of over 2000 protesters to the test site, about sixty-five miles north-west of Las Vegas. The buses unloaded and we all walked down the road to a platform where some guy Rich insisted was in Jefferson Starship was adjusting microphone levels. Behind the platform, fences marked with "NO THRESH-PASSING" signs extended in both directions for as far as I could see. There was a shroud of reporters there and it was hard not to feel like something historically monumental was about to take

place. The fact that the test we were trying to interfere with had already occurred 2 days previous was a conundrum addressed by the first speaker, Lester Grinspoon, who began by stating to the effect that just because the government suffered from premature ejaculation, they couldn't discourage over 2000 demonstrators from coming out to the test site to show that the Dove Has Balls! The next couple of speakers explained the legal ramifications of the civil disobedience scenario and the demands for these arrests. The first is the Nuremberg Principle, which is basically that all persons are required by international law to do whatever is in their means to prevent a crime against humanity, even if it requires committing a lesser crime. In this case the threat to humanity is the arms race and the preventive action is non-violent civil disobedience.

The second defense, and my personal favorite, was delivered by an authentic Navajo woman. It seems the government scammed the desert area which now houses the test site from the Indians some time back and theoretically, the B.U.E. has no authority to say who can or can't go on the land. Consequently, the Navajo woman was on hand to usher the protesters on through the test site gate with the blessings of the tribe. Other speakers elaborated on the specifics of the issue at hand. Like that the U.S. has tested atomic bombs over 700 times since 1951, including 100 in the atmosphere and that we continue to test despite an 18 month unilateral moratorium on the part of the Soviets. Still others spoke of the money wasted on nuclear weapons, the legal hassles faced by downwinders, and the concept of monitoring the validity of a bilateral test ban once an agreement can be reached. I read in a pamphlet published by the Union of Concerned Scientists that verification of total arms reduction is kinda sketchy right now but that the efficacy of a test ban would not be difficult. I think any nation that can put a complicated laser defense system into space ought to be able to figure out when somebody else is testing the most powerful device ever known to man.

Of course no demonstration is complete without a few token congresspersons and celebrities. Martin Sheen was there to offer a prayer on our behalf. Allen in attendance were Robert Helton, Blake and Kris Kristofferson, the latter being the recipient of a heap o' shit the entire day for his starring role in the ABC miniseries "Amerika". Ironically, the handful of counter-demonstrators across the way had used the America theme on some of their placards. Being an old diehard Cosmos fan, my favorite speaker was obviously Carl Sagan, who much to my delight used the phrase "Billyunz and billyunz..." throughout his speech. In the process he pointed out the tremendous overkill potential of our nuclear arsenals and illustrated the counterproductivity of escalating the arms race when he said, "42 years ago the United States was the best protected nation in the world...Today, after spending trillions of dollars on nuclear weapons, the United States fears for her very existence." The crowd was supportive of the speakers throughout the entire program and alot of emotional energy was created. After the speeches were over, we were divided into two groups: Those who planned to get arrested and those who planned to stick around for the free concert afterwards. Before we'd arrived, Rich and I were pretty much undecided as to which group we'd be in, but at that point there was really no choice. "What the hell. Let's get arrested." we said in unison. The multitudes shifted as 238 of us walked towards the cattle guard that marked the entrance to the test site. On the other side the five County Sheriff's Dept. waited impatiently. On our way to get in line, we bumped into Dave Whittaker, who we met when the Pence March came through St. George last year and whom we hadn't seen since. With him was a guy with a mohawk. Both of them had come with a vanload of protesters from SF.

The Sheriff's Dept. had already loaded 2 school buses full of arrestees and shipped them off to Beatty before our group came to cross the line. As we approached the test site borders, Dave's friend turned to him and said, "Hold my jacket. I'm going to go for it." And with that he charged past the cattle guard and took off down the road towards the test site complex. Within seconds close to a dozen cops converged on him and pinned him to



ABC film crews showed up in Beatty to get some last minute footage for their 14½ hour miniseries "Amerika". In this crucial scene, Dave Whittaker (as himself) and Devin Milford (played by Kris Kristofferson) discuss their plans to combat skate harassment under Soviet oppression.

waiting casually to be arrested

slept for the first time in about 48 hours. Everyone was anxious to see how the press had covered the day's events and so after we were dropped off in North Las Vegas, we walked across the street to a bar to watch the news. The day had been so intense, we almost expected to hear that our actions had made some revolutionary impact on the hearts and minds of the entire nation during our isolation in Beatty. But even the Vegas news coverage turned out to be disappointingly weak and half their story was focused on Dave's friend biting the sheriff's head. On the bus ride back Dave predicted that his friend would be tested for AIDS but I thought he was joking. But according to the news, sure enough, they were testing him for AIDS, cuz he was from SF and had a subcut, of course.

That night Dave, Rich and I stayed at Johnny and Casey Bang's place and as Rich and I drove home the next morning, we tried to analyze the implications of what had happened the previous day. Of course, the dark reality of it all is that even if we succeed in calling attention to the test ban movement, our struggle to end the arms race could be entirely in vain. The unthinkable could happen at any moment. Yet all things considered, I think the protests at the test site and others like them are worthwhile activities and I will probably participate again, bearing in mind that at best, these actions constitute the groundwork for a powerful grassroots movement aimed at literally saving the world by dismantling the nuclear arsenals that threaten our very existence. And at worst, protesting is, at least on a personal level, a healthy alternative to moping around the house waiting for the imminent destruction of all life as we know it.

-jeff

the ground, after which he allegedly bit one of them. He was taken away separately in a patrol car and "Assaulting an Officer" was added to his "Trespassing" charge.

Upon reaching the cattle guard, we were greeted by an arm of the law who advised us that we were in serious danger of breaking the laws of Nevada and asked us not to do it. But being the young and foolish misadventurers that we are, we did it anyway and plastic handcuffs were strapped on our wrists and we were led onto one of the buses. Some of the other protesters

feigned death after their arrests and had to be dragged bodily into captivity. The trip to Beatty took over an hour and we passed no less than one honest-to-god whorehouse on the way. Prostitution is legal in Nye County but entering the test site is frowned upon. Beatty, Nevada isn't much to look at. After our arrival, we were moved from our buses into the town rec center which doubles as a holding cell for arrestees when the need arises. Inside, the plastic handcuffs were cut from our wrists and we took a seat on the hard tile floor. The room was intensely overcrowded so we were all pretty upset when Nye County District Attorney Phil "Donut Shop" Dunleavy announced that it would be about 4 hours before the arresting officers would arrive to begin booking us. Apparently the entire sheriff's dept. had stopped off at Mabel's Chicken Ranch for an afternoon of entertainment on their way out to Beatty. Someone suggested that we make good use of the long hours ahead by discussing legalities, future scenarios, etc. This seemed like a good idea to me but it mostly turned out to be a chance for the self-appointed discussion leaders to stroke their egos by dictating who could speak and what could be discussed for the remainder of our captivity. And when the sidetalking started to distract the official discussion, everyone started extending their right arms into the air in a symbolically terrifying call for silence. They even went so far as to applaud the sheriff's dept. for not making our arrests as theoretically unpleasant as they could have. After all, "they were just doing their jobs." I was afraid it wouldn't be long before we were all panning congratulatory notes to the military, arms manufacturers, the pentagon, and President Reagan for how well they're fulfilling "their jobs."

Even though some of what transpired kinda pissed me off, I did hear some terrific stories and met some cool people. And the organizations involved in the protest deserve credit for running the whole thing pretty smoothly. After a few hours the booking began but it was 4 or 5 hours after that before Rich and I were processed. We were taken into a room off to the side where we were asked to produce identification and answer some questions. Citations much like traffic tickets were written and mug shots were taken. In my mug shot, a deputy is standing directly behind me sticking out his tongue with his thumbs in his ears. No lie. Our arraignments were set for March 10th and finally, we were released. Outside, PeaceTest officials took our names for their files and volunteers fed us our first meal in hours, honey & banana sandwiches wheat bread. We rode back to Vegas on chartered buses and I



A footnote: My arraignment in March, I plead "not guilty" by mail and a trial date was set in April. I was told that I would almost for certain be found guilty and that I should be prepared to serve 6 days in jail or pay a \$150 fine, of which I chose the former. 2 days before my trial I decided I wasn't ready and asked for a continuance. 6 days later, all charges against the remaining defendant's were dropped. Nuclear testing continues at the test site with no end in sight. And Rich left St. George and ultimately went on to become a bum.

TESTING UPDATE

The APT has a Testing Alert Hotline. The one minute recorded message offers up-to-date information on all testing activity at the Nevada Test Site. Call (702) 363-7780. As of December 1, there have been 833 US tests, 22 since the Soviet moratorium began, and 14 this year.

HB: It was kind of a unique show, but I thought it turned out great.

Kevin: I thought I was real good but these guys sucked. I think everybody was really nice and we had a good time. This is a great ball.

Mike: This is the best show we've played the whole tour.

Danny: Everytime we play St. George, it's his tip.

Johnny: St. George is our sister scene.

HB: What's the true story behind the name?
Danny: OK, way back in Las Vegas history, our good friend Guy Suley ran this place called Pissola's. One fine Sunday afternoon, [HB] blew into town and there was this local bawd, Aristatic, on stage, and they had a few too many of these, [beers], a few too many, and the singer could not sing. He was just laying down with the microphone in the air. Johnny, being the heppin' stage kind of guy that he is, jumped up on stage and proceeded to sing a song. John, sing it for us.

Johnny: Fuckin' piss!
I'm all out of luck
I just lost my money
And I've just been fucked
I won't stick around
To pick up lost ground
till I wanna do
Is kiss the fuckin' ground....

That's what I said.

Danny: And the band Aristatic proceeded to Fuck Shit Piss him right off the stage and ever since we knew Johnny had to be in a band. And that's the legacy of it all. That was 3 or 4 years ago.

Johnny: They punched me off the stage.

Danny: But the crowd was screaming for Johnny.

Mike: I met Johnny about a year and a half later at a gig. I wasn't into the scene really. I got forced by friends to go. Then I met Johnny and he's like the greatest guy I ever met. He said he played the guitar and sang, and I said well, I play drums. And this other guy I knew played guitar. His name was Freddy. So we got together with this guy and jammed in my bedroom for awhile. Johnny played the bass from then on and we got Kevin to play guitar. Danny was with us from the very beginning. And we were kind of thinking of a name, but I knew with Johnny-

Danny: The whole time insisted on FuckShitPiss.

Mike: But what was that other name that Freddy wrote on the drumhead?

Johnny: Colored Pissola. But we said FuckShitPiss cos we didn't care about names.

Danny: Ya, that's exactly it. Who needs a special name to identify yourself as a writer? FuckShitPiss for what we are. You can't take us for anything more. That's all I wanna say.

Kevin: That's a long answer to an easy question. Sorry.

Danny: We're called FuckShitPiss and that's it.

Kevin: Actually that's a big lie. Those are the only words we can actually spell.

HB: What happened on your California trip?

Mike: Is this only a 50 minute tape? Sorry, can't tell you.

Kevin: We played in Santa Barbara and then the next night the band we were touring with, No-FX got all their equipment stolen. So that kind of ended the tour.

Johnny: Well, we went down to Haight St. and oh....

Danny: Then we cripped on down to St. George and we're finishing up the tour. The next stop is San Diego. We played Vegas on New Year's Eve. Who knows from there. Hopefully a '45'.

Johnny: Can't we at least tell them about the wharf and the waves?

Danny: Next question.

HB: What's it like having a family reunion almost every time you play here?

Danny: We always have a place to stay, no doubt. Well, actually this band is a family if you want to think about it.

Mike: We have driven all of miles in the last 4 days and look, there's no color difference here, none of us are the same. And there was not an argument on the trip, which totally stoked me.

Kevin: Actually we've had some other and it's amazing we can all collaborate on this.

Danny: We all agree on one thing. We drink beer well.

PSF was interviewed by Jeff and Jason on New Year's Day. They are Danny, Mike, Kevin and Johnny on vocals, drums, guitar, and bass respectively.



HB: When did you find that most of the responsibility for the Vegas scene was falling on your shoulders?

Danny: When nobody else was doing a damn thing.

Johnny: And Guy Suley was going bald.

Danny: And I knew right then I had to take over.

HB: Still going strong, but it's like I got sick and seeing bouncers beating up little kids. The kids aren't getting to really enjoy shows. They weren't able to go out and really enjoy shows. They weren't able to go out and really enjoy shows. They weren't able to go out and really enjoy shows.

Danny: They were being totally oppressed. So I destroyed it up and did a local show. The rest is history. Ever since we've had shows. The rest is history.

Kevin: Last night we had a decent show to pay for the gas to get up here today.

HB: So decent gigs are still happening?

Danny: Ya, they will be happening this summer. Anybody for George, if you wanna come down, they'll generally be happening every weekend when the weather gets a little warmer. Last night was too cold.

Johnny: We couldn't even Jim. We were frozen.

Mike: Kevin played with 4 strings. It was quite a mistake. 2 bass players.

HB: One facet of PSF is that you're a political band trying to accomplish something.

Kevin: We can get drunk and bitch about what's happening.

Danny: It's good to not take yourself too seriously. I mean you should be aware of everything that's going on, but hey, chill, know what I mean?

Kevin: The thing about Danny is that he buys a King Can of Miller and everyone helps him drink it. He drinks 2 sips. It's a prop.

Johnny: That's not the question. The question is: What are we going to accomplish? Actually, we are mountain climbers....

PSF: Oh, No.

Johnny: Hey man, it's the truth. We're gonna climb Mt. Everest and play on top of it.

Mike: This comes up every interview.

Johnny: And Bill went climbing in a raincoat at night, with thunder and lightning on cliffs. But didn't we accomplish peace, Phil?

Bill: Ya.

Johnny: For ourselves at least. No noise, no wars, no nothing. We couldn't hear it. We drank pure water from the rain. [applause]

HB: Johnny, being such a close relative to the governor of Utah, just how much political pull do you have in this state?

Danny: We got this show, didn't we?

Johnny: I'll tell the truth, those rich bastards. See, I'm a plumber myself. I run the backwash and do concrete. And every day I drive by my shop and see these big trucks that say Bangerter on them, and they have a lit. sign, and I don't make any money off it. I'm not rich. I have 2 hungry kids. I live in a trailer park. At least my kids have good clothes, but look at me. I gotta use my shirt for a snow rag. That's the damn truth. My wife yells at me cos I don't bring enough money home sometimes.

Danny: So the governor's a Bangerter?

Johnny: I hate him.

Mike: So you know him?

Johnny: He'd know him. The governor, if he seen I would ask him a question. Will he join all the other governors on the world peace thing to stop the testing at the test site? That's what I'd ask and he'd say no answer. He's a jerk. He is.

HB: Is there a particular political theme or message?

Johnny: We care. We care of what's going on in the world. You can party all you want, but take into what's happening. Don't get screwed over. You can see beyond the ignorance. Just be aware.

HB: With the test site being so close to you and us, does that issue have a greater significance to you?

Danny: It scares the hell out of us. It's that simple. When they ignite that mother at 7 in the morning, 2 times a month, you know it and you just go fuck, they're lighting an atomic bomb! Sometimes they won't light the bomb for fear of accidental testing. And the fear is the evening blast goes towards St. George, Utah.

Johnny: This is discomf.

Danny: You guys have as much to fear as we do. That's why we're trying to stop it, not just the fact that they're blowing bombs off, it's just if that sucker does leak, we're dead.

Kevin: Don't believe everything you see on television. In fact, don't believe anything you see on television.

Danny: Is that what you believe?

HB: What's it like living in the heart of capitalism?

Danny: Money makes our city go around. What can we say? We exist there on a day to day basis. That money don't affect us.

Johnny: Capitalism can't last. It turns to fascism. See, with a capitalist society, it's the damn truth everything's based around money interests. Circulation is what it's called. If you don't give the other guy a dollar then...uh...

Mike: Have another beer.

Danny: There's no government. If you don't exchange your money there's no government. Well, in Las Vegas nobody gets to exchange their money so it comes into fascism. You walk down the street and they'll say with a german accent "Iour papers, I want to see your papers!" Just like that, it's just like Nazi Germany.

Johnny: Truly mass, the cops in Vegas are brownshirts.

Kevin: They will beat in the door in your door. No survival. I arrest that little he had a shiny lighter.

HB: How many friends of ours have been shot at by cops?

Kevin: Guy Suley got shot at.

Johnny: I sent a guy got shot in my frontyard when I was 5 years old.

Danny: For what man? Staelin's hubcaps? He deserved it.

Johnny: He was stealing a waterbed.

Danny: I would've shot him too.

HD: How has Mr. Bangs helped and inspired the band?

Danny: Mr. Bangs is life for this band.

Mike: We get alot of PR from her. A lot of support.

Danny: Ya, support. She's been there in the rough.

Kevin: She hates us, but oh...

Danny: Shall we 'fess on the Partridge Family?

Kevin: We'll tell the truth. I'm Johnny Bangs step-dad.

Danny: Mr. Bangs is Johnny's mother and Kevin's wife

and we're the Partridge Family. That's all there is to it.

Kevin: It's weird.

Danny: It's ok though. We're FuckShitFins.

casual observer: You guys belong in San Francisco.

Danny: Actually, we do wanna be a Frisco band. That

scene is totally united. There's so much support.

Johnny: Too bad I'm from Cedar City, Utah.

Danny: I'd like to see that support here and in Las

Vegas.

Johnny: St. George is so great. You can come to this

place and people are cool. In Vegas they spit on you.

Danny: Ahh no, you can't say that.

Johnny: Well along time ago you could.

Mike: Our .st. shus. Whadava expect? Gee?

HD: Let's talk about some of the environmental issues

that everyone knows Johnny is deeply involved in.

Mike: Johnny Bangs likes the wharf in San Francisco.

It's a wild place.

Johnny: Forget the wharf Mike. I'm talking about

Zion's canyon. Some'n Canyon. Red Cliffs. places

ther wanna drill for oil in. places ther wanna tear up

hoser. remember that time we went to Zion and we

got us pissed off cos we had to pick up trash all

the way, cans people left on the side of the road

cos ther don't respect this earth for a damn thing.

I was just reading in the paper that they want to

block off the Colorado River to cool off a nuclear

waste dump. Why?

HD: And I think Cousin Banpeter has been in favor

of paving the Burr Trail.

Danny: Uh, oh. Don't tell him that.

Johnny: I ought to shoot the damn guy.

HD: You guys aren't really pacifists are you?

Johnny: Oh. I'm very pacifist.

Danny: We only fight each other.

Johnny: I can say Peace for along time, but see one

of these days we go to the cocktail, and when the

day comes when the DOE official hits me over the

head with a billy club is the day that I go crazy.

Hey man, we can cause riots. Arrrrgh. great riots!

Danny: For what?

Johnny: For Peace. I will fight for peace.

Kevin: That's a beautiful thought.

HD: How about monkeywrenching?

Johnny: Ya, let's talk about monkeywrenching. Remember

when me and you (Jason) were going to monkey-

wrench al. those tractors in Snows Canyon.

HD: Joyce: Oh that's no shit. We did that once.

Johnny: I want to.

HD: (off) Ya, but Jason got arrested for it. He's

still trying to pay restitution.

Danny: Then it's too risky, not a good idea.

HD: You guys are a great band and deserve viny.

When's a record gonna happen?

Danny: It's a matter of money. It all comes back to

capitalism. It's who you know, who you blow. We

don't know and we don't get the viny. It's that

simple. We don't have no money. That's what we're

working for is to put out a 45 6-song ep. But we're

not in it for the money or fame. We're in it for

the friendship, to spread the word. With a name

like FuckShitFins, how far do you think we can go?

It's obvious we can't be announced on tv or radio.

HD: You'll probably never be on MTV.

Mike: But we have alot of friends.

Kevin: We have a video coming out.

HD: Any other plans besides a record?

Mike: We're gonna write some new songs. do some real

hard practicing, then hopefully this summer we're

gonna go on about a 31 day tour from LA to NY and

back. The goal is to have the ep out before we go

on tour.

Johnny: Then when people hear our words, they'll try

to overthrow the government.

Danny: As long as they have a beer in one hand and a

knife in the other, and a FuckShitFins t-shirt on.

That's all we ask.



2 sided t-shirts are \$5pp. Stickers are free. June 1st at the 4000 Park Dr./Las Vegas, NV/ 89110

Short Dogs Grow were interviewed in the dogma house after their well-received performance at the Cottonmill. The band consists of Joe (drums), Carmella (bass), Tom (guitar, voc) and Greg Foot Bon Jovi (guitar, back-up voc). Also present were Steve, Jeff, Connie, Scott, Jason, Neil, Frieda, and Marty.

Jeff: Excuse my backwoods naivete, but what's serum hepatitis and what inspired that song?

Tom: It's this disease you get intravenously from using dirty needles from sleazy old junkies. It turns your skin yellow and makes your liver bloat out. It's a dangerous thing. It makes you really sick and it's hard to get over it. And it's hard to tell your mom about it cuz there's really only one way you can get it.

Steve: Have any of you personally had it?

Tom: Can we refrain from answering that?... yeah, yeah, one of us did have it and it was me. So What?

Greg: Tom has alot of diseases.

Jason: Have you ever seen a heroin addict whose bowels are so packed with shit that he looks pregnant?

Tom: I used to live with this heroin addict and like every 3 days he'd take an hour & a 1/2 shit in the middle of the night. And he'd literally be in there an hour & a 1/2, grunting away. It was really pathetic. I'd knock on the door and offer him a spoon or a corkscrew, something to help him out.

Connie: Have you ever seen a dog with a crooked butt?

Tom: I am a dog with a crooked butt.

Steve: Do you like being a SP band?

Tom: Yeah, it's nice. The scene happens. We play alot and theres alot of cool bands there.

Jeff: (to Greg) Going from @ State of Mind to Short Dogs Grow to me seems the equivalent of somebody in Crass leaving to join the Stup ds.

Carm: That's not very nice.

Greg: Well you've never met Crass. Crass watches tv, smokes pot and all that other shit. And the only person you've met in @ State of Mind is me, and I still do their mail.

Tom: Goddammit.

Greg: And I do everything else for them except they just play the music. They're great guys and a great band but I just don't want to be in it anymore.

Jeff: But wasn't there any kind of personal transition you had to make?

Greg: (sarcastic) Well, I used to say woman, now I say chick. I used to eat veggies, now I eat meat.

Tom: Oh, come on, that's a nicely posed question.

Greg: Well, @SON was reaching a point where we were all elitest, purist in our views. And we were very self righteous. And so all

of us about a year ago, after the Haymarket decided to call it quits mostly cuz of that. So we broke up and I wanted something lighter.

Tom: In other words, he wanted to ROCK!

Greg: A penpal of mine that knew I was in @SON came over to my house and he was

dissappointed first of all cuz of the way I was dressed, cuz I didn't look like the perfect anarchist. Second of all...-
Tom: ...because he had Bon Jovi posters on his wall.

Greg: I had a State of Mind poster, a Partidge Family poster and an Aerosmith poster. A lot of people would go to Crass's house and expect them to be sitting there having these discussions about the world problem and how we're gonna solve it 24 hrs. a day. And they're listening to Flux and Chumbe

and Crass all night. And that's not true. They listen to KISS y'know, and they have a good time. So I guess alot of it's in your head.

Tom: You can retain philosophies but sometimes you gotta accept having fun and the realities of enjoying life.

Greg: Yeah, what do you visualize when you think of Crass.

Jeff: Oh, sitting around chopping veggies and discussing philosophy.

Greg: And that's not true. That's a really bad thing to think cuz you're a human first and and you gotta really believe in that.

Tom: That's like thinking that Kiss just sits around and Gene does incantations and paul fucks all night. It's just not true. Greg: I haven't changed much. I'm just in a different band. But I really think this

band gives off a better feeling than @SON did. We used to shove alot of shit down peoples' throats cuz we thought we were right and we used to have a really angry approach. When I see a band smiling and having fun on stage, it usually gives me a good feeling.

Tom: It's the spoonful of sugar philosophy, but we give you a whole bag.

Greg: The State of Mind lyrics now are mostly about what happened to the 'movement'. It's sort of depressing.

Steve: I've never seen a St. George crowd get into a band like they got into you tonight. Is that typical for you?

photos: steve, jeff





Tom: You know we were talking about this in the van on the way over. It seems like the smaller the town, the more enthusiastic the people are. Because there wasn't like what we're calling 'cool people' there, which means people that have an attitude and hang out and sort of intimidate other people from having fun. And St. George had virtually none of that. Everyone had smiles on their faces and it was easy to get in to. But it doesn't happen all the time.

Jeff: Earlier we were talking about tonight's show and punk music in general sort of, and I was thinking that you're doing a pretty consistent job of distancing yourself from the "average hardcore sound".

Greg: I might not necessarily like a band's music but it's all an art form. Some people like that, some people like what we do, and some people like Bon Jovi.

Tom: We just don't flow too heavily on hardcore. Maybe just out of sheer exhaustion, or maybe it's that darned "livin' on a Prayer", which is like my favorite song of the decade.

Greg: We're pro-Bon Jovi.

Tom: Bon Jovi is more positive than Kevin and the 7 could ever be.

Jeff: I read somewhere that Bon Jovi thinks that kids don't want to hear about any relevant social issues in their music. How similar is that to your philosophy?

Tom: I just think it's wrong to be really blunt and openly state your politics in your music. We are preaching something, but it's more of a philosophy than a sense of politics. I don't think you have to come

right out and say This is right and This is wrong because if you're on the same wavelength you'll reach the same conclusion naturally.

Greg: Doing politics is hard thru music without being patronizing or condescending.

Tom: And the poets are never good enough for people to hear the lyrics.

Greg: And also everybody's a hypocrite. No matter what band you're in, people are gonna find fault with you and say you're not true to your beliefs. It happened to MDC and it's happened to everybody.

Corn: Like Brian Baker, when he was in Dag Nasty, he took a sip off someone's beer coz he was really thirsty and he never got as many letters in his life from one incident as that, saying he was a traitor to his goals. After all the time he's spent trying to tell people what his lifestyle was about, he takes one sip off a beer and it destroys the whole thing. The guy was just thirsty.

Tom: We're avoiding that by saying yeah man everything is OK by me, yeah, uh huh.

Greg: Well, it's sort of like that, but who are we to say you're wrong in what you do.

Tom: Because by God, you could be right and make us look like fools. But since we never said anything to the contrary, just don't bug us.

Corn: I'd like to ask you guys a question. Jeff, what's it like to be a promoter in a town in Georgia?

Jeff: Well, uh, me and Amy Carter used to uh-

Corn: I mean in Utah. It's been a long trip.

Jeff: It's a thankless job but it's sort of rewarding because you know you're exposing people to something that they'd probably never come into contact with otherwise.

Tom: It's like Greg says, if 5 certain people were to leave every town, the town would dry up. And it happens too. We've played in towns where the promoter decides to move to a bigger town and there's no more shows and the scene just dies.

Jeff: You wanna know something wierd about St. George? There's this paramilitary group in town called the Young Marines. And there's also supposed to be some Nazi Youth around, out in Hurricane I guess. And their

ideologies are really similar but instead of beating up people with radically opposing beliefs, such as myself, they beat up on each other.



Greg: I can tell you're really bummed about that.

Tom: Come to SF man. We can kick your ass right now if you want.

Greg: But see, thats what nazis do. You get rid of your own first.

Jason: Like when Hitler rose to power in '33 it was with the help of the brownshirts, the Sturm Abwehr, SA, but when he became chancellor he didnt need them anymore coz then he could pretty much do whatever the hell he wanted. That's when the SS came into action, and they went out and killed all the leaders of the SA. The Night of Long

Knives, and after that came the big infamous Nuremberg rally where Hitler brought together all the factions whose leaders he'd had assassinated. But that's like the nazis and the Young Marines. You eliminate your rivals.

Greg: One thing you gotta tell skinheads when they've got the flag on their jacket and

they're all going USA, USA, is that when the real fascism comes, they're gonna be the first to go. They wouldn't want fuckin skinheads. America hates skinheads, even the right wing bigots.

Tom: They'd rather have heroin addicts than skinheads. Or at least scharine addicts.

Cara: I'd like to point out something to all you readers out there. There's alot of reasons to buy our record but I want to tell you my favorite one. When we were putting the lyric sheet together we noticed there was this huge empty spot here on side one. And my friend Jess, she stays over at

my house all the time coz she lives out near th beach and no one wants to go there, not even her. And she always leaves me little notes in the morning. And one morning I woke up and there was this picture of a rat smoking a cigarette and that's why its on the lyric sheet and I think everyone should buy it just coz of that.

Tom: Cheap sales job, Mel.

Cara: The reason I'm talking about this is coz I kinda miss Jess, and I just wanted to say hi.



Joe slept thru the entire interview and consequently is not represented here.



Short Dogs Grov/box 26538/SF CA 94126

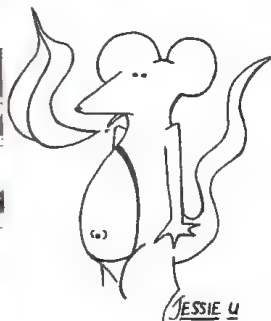




Photo: Brad A.



Justice League: Fred (guitar, vox), Ryan (guitar, vox), Mark (bass, vox) and Chris (drums)

JUSTICE

Justice League was interviewed by Jeff (HD), Harold (HD), Jason (HD), Steve (HD), and Phil Cortomil (HD). Since this interview took place, the group has released their 1p "Shattered Dreams" and Fred has left the band to pursue other interests.

Mark: We're not straightedge.
Ryan: Are you or are you not positive?
Ryan: Mark's not positive.
Chris: Mark's positively negative.
HD: It's really going to be hard to tell your voices apart on this tape. Is it okay to ask a band whose put out an ep to raise their hands when they have some thing to say. I know that's a pretty arrogant gesture on my part.
Chris: Ya, we've toured the country!
HD: Why did you call it the Stoichiometry tour?
Fred: It's stoichiometry. Chemical mixtures balancing. Equilibrium, that's all.
Ryan: It was just something stupid about our band.
Fred: We're just trying to be smart but we're not.
HD: How did that tour go?
Fred: We met alot of cool kids. There's a lot of good kids out there and I recommend for all bands to tour if they can. Really. That's from the heart.
HD: Your last ep—
Mark: Don't buy it!
HD: —was called "Think or Sink" and none of you were on that ep except Ryan. But the thing is, you were supposed to be the next 7 Seconds. But your new 1p is called "Shattered Dreams" which is like a world apart, which is the name of the new Subhumans record.
Mark: What?
HD: "Worlds Apart" is the name of the new Subhumans record. But what I'm saying is that there's a big difference between "Think or Sink" and "Shattered Dreams". Have you become disillusioned with every thing?
Mark: We grew up a little bit.
Ryan: No, that's not it. Okay, let me think about this. No, the new album is called that just cos that's the coolest song. It's like 1/2 positive and 1/2 negative. So like fucking, we're burning.
Fred: It's real life.
Ryan: It's life at it's best. We did it like that because we didn't want people to think we're totally positive or totally negative. We're just right on the borderline, that's why we're into Madonna.
Fred: We just play what we feel. It's from the heart. It's about real emotions. It's not positive. It's not negative.
Ryan: We're a cross between Frank Sinatra and Bon Jovi meets Exodus.
Ryan: Don't say that. That's too metal.
HD: Do did you guys have a good time tonight?
Fred: Utah rips ass.
Chris: What people we have here. I mean, look at this chalet!
Ryan: We're used to playing in the Forum but this is pretty cool.
Fred: It's kind of uncomfortable not having cordless guitars but we can deal with it.
Mark: Last week when we opened for David Lee Roth was a little better but tonight was okay.

Chris: This is the last time I've played without a 10 foot drum riser in a long time.
Ryan: You guys are kind of joking too much.
Mark: But serious interviews are boring, aren't they, Ryan.
HD: I noticed how well you did tonight and Chris in particular did an excellent job. He also shared an inside secret with me. The only practice you've had was last Saturday.
Chris: I've been in the band since Sept. and we never, ever, ever practice.
Ryan: But we just got a practice place so we're starting to. That's why we sound so good.
Fred: We're coming back in blue!
Chris: We're the Pinnacle!
HD: Do you guys actually like Pillsbury R/C, or do you just laugh off them?
Mark: Laugh off them? How do you think they got this show? Didn't you call to get us, and Rob said "Oh, let us play".
Fred: Who brought all the equipment tonight? Who brought those big Marshall stacks, buddy?!!
Chris: And who brought the Mardas?
Ryan: They're our friends. We joke around with them and they joke around with us.
Mark: We grew up with Pillsbury and they're our brothers.
HD: What do you think of these Hurricane Girls?
Hurr: Girls? Deek Y! Yip Yea! Hurricane girls are sooo rad.
Chris: What the fuck are Hurricane girls?
HD: These repulsive girls are from Hurricane, Utah.
Chris: I'd like to thank Phil (pianist & Bus. Mgr. for the Mill) for that nice piece of female music he played for us. Really nice touch Phil. Hey, why don't we really get down with "Tie a Yellow Ribbon".
HD: Were you guys on the Donahue "punk episode"?
Chris: No, but our friend was, Ray of Today.
??? (Uh, hi i'm uh harley cromag, i'd just like to say uh duh i forgot.
HD: How much fun did you have on tour?
Chris: What a crazy off-the-wall question.
Mark: We all had sex at least once except for Ryan.
Ryan: What's wrong with that?
Chris: Are you guys Mormons?
HD: You bet. Would you like some literature?
HD: Hey, did you guys think Mormons were all polygamists?
Chris: I sure did.
Mark: I never really thought about it.
Fred: We thought you guys were all like Phil Mahre.
HD: Well, you know how polygamists dress? We were gonna all dress like polygamists so that when you showed up you'd think "Wow, all Utahns really are polygamists, yet here's an isolated youth faction hip to the punk lifestyle despite living in a patriarchal society of Mormon Fundamentalist oppression."

HD: It would've been hilarious.
HD: I think you guys have your music and lyrics evolved since "Think or Sink".
Fred: We're adding melody and harmony. We're always going to have an edge in our music.
HD: I know you have newer songs than those on Shattered Dreams' coz it was supposed to be out a long time ago. But do the "Shattered Dreams" songs show the maturity you're talking about?
Fred: It's about working together.
Ryan: It's about working at K-Mart, like you.
Mark: I'd say those songs are all about a year old now and we're still happy with about 3 of them. The other's are kind of boring now.
HD: So what about the brand new stuff? What are you trying to pursue?
Mark: We're trying to learn how to sing, if that's possible. We're set into the yelling, shouting vocals anymore.
Fred: You go to shows these days and unfortunately alot of bands sound like other bands. I think it's neat when a band can sound like themselves, and you can distinguish one band out of a show and think "they were different". A lot of bands ought to think about originality.
Ryan: Like that one band tonight that went "Aarr, aarr".
Fred: So many bands sound the same and they try to copy someone else.
Ryan: We try not to sound like Barth Vader and the Darvets. Didn't that guy sound like Barth Vader.
Fred: And what's the deal with these 3-letter band names?
HD: I dunno. With all due respect to the bands, I think St. George probably has the least creative band names of any "scene" in history.
Chris: I'd had a nice banner though.
HD: I don't see much a band name either. The Deviants need an adjective or something. They're a good band.
Ryan: Can I say what are influences are?
HD: We won't get to be Flapdoodle fanzines of the Month by asking you what your influences are, but you can tell us anyway.
Mark: Ryan has this urge to say what they are. I don't really care.
Ryan: I don't want to say. I was gonna say Peter Dinklage or something. I was just gonna joke around. I have no influences. I am my own influence. I am God, the creator of all you here.
Chris: Ryan's kind of a dick.
Mark: Kiss is the only band that ever mattered.
Fred: Mott, The Who, Bob Marley meets Skrewdriver!
Ryan: Shut up, Fred.
HD: On the "Think or Sink" cover, the main guy in the picture has a peace symbol on his t-shirt.
Mark: Ryan was a peace punk for two weeks.
HD: Are politics an influence. Do things like racism piss you off, or does anything really matter?
Ryan: EVERYTHING MATTERS, BUDDY!
Mark: It's on our minds but we don't want to sing about it anymore.

LEAGUE

Chris: Everything's still felt in the same degree, but we're paying attention to different things now.

Mark: All that stuff has been said before so you think? How many times can you say "Noggin Sucks"?

Fred: Or "Don't Fight"?

Ryan: Or how many times can you say... All I drink! Betw! Kill!

HB: Fred, do you eat every comment with "just kidding"?

Ryan: No, just kidding. That was Fred.

Fred: Fuck off.

HB: Do you leave any close ties at home? I know, friends, lovers, family ties?

Mark: Hallory's God!

Ryan: Holly is innocent to God!

Chris: I'm homosexual. Michael J. Fox is God!

HB: That one guy in NDC looks like Mr. Keaton.

Mark: If Justice Batesman ever reads your magazine, tell her I love her.

HB: Okay, Skippy.

Fred: Dude, she's not gonna read the magazine so don't waste your time.

Mark: Send one to her c/o NBC. Send her your picture and say this guy loves you.

HB: Do any of you like the movies of Francis Ford Coppola?

Chris: Sure.

Fred: I heard his son got killed. That's pretty cool. Ryan O'Reilly kid is a skin-head.

Ryan: My mom named me after Ryan O'Reilly.

HB: Sex, drugs, rock'n'roll. What's it all about?

Ryan: He like sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll but without the drugs. At least I do.

HB: You're a straightedge vegetarian.

Fred: A straightedge vegetarian fascist pig is what he is.

Chris: If you wanna give it a label like straightedge, then sure, half of us are.

Ryan: Man, I'm straighter than an arrow.

Mark: But the hand isn't.

Chris: So from now on Justice League isn't a "straightedge band".

HB: Well you never really were, were you?

Mark: I'd to 3 years ago.

Ryan: When I invented the band 4 years ago me and Ian MacFay were thinking about it and he said "straight" and I said "edgy" and he said "Dude, you're cool!"

Fred: It all started when me and Ryan used to babysit Barbary Crensh.

Ryan: When I used to hang out with Exene at the Starwood, Barbary was there and he wanted to get a haircut and I said "Buddy, you should get like a mohawk" and he said "No way. That's like so cool!" I just started it. And you know that guy, Head in "Decline"?

Mark: That was me.

Ryan: He, it was me. Don't steal my joke.

HB: Here you guys in "Suburbs"?

Fred: No, but we were in that movie.

Chris: "Clausophobia". It never came out though.

HB: Do you have anything important to say?

Fred: Seriously, I'm the nicest guy in the world, don't you think?

Fred: These Hurricane girls are alcoholics.

Ryan: And if you have bad karma, you're gonna go to hellish planet.

HB: Do you make a conscious effort to be as accessible as?

Mark: You mean we don't act like rockstars? Well that will come when we start making more money. Then you won't be able to talk to us.

Ryan: We'll want this whole floor for our dressing room.

Fred: We're going to send you a contract next time.

HB: We'll want a security guard.

Fred: And fresh hot towels.

Ryan: 3 gallons of Kool-Aid.

Mark: And some girls.

HB: I introduced Fred to lots of girls.

Ryan: Why did he have a girlfriend though.

HB: He said you had the girlfriend.

Ryan: I had one but she dumped me. That's why I write all these lame songs.

Mark: That's why we're negative now.

HB: So a little thing like that "Shattered your Dreams".

Mark: Goddamn!! But actually Jon wrote those lyrics.

Ryan: "Shattered Dreams" was about a parent type deal. Jon's parents wanted his to do something but he didn't want to do it. It was kind of typical but we made it different.

HB: But then again, we don't sing those lyrics anymore can we changed the songs.

HB: Who does Fred look like? Erik Estrada?

Mark: No. Paul Stanley.

HB: Ya, and Rick McCarroll too.

Ryan: He's gonna learn this song by MD-FX called Bob Durkin's a Dick. Just kidding.

Chris: I have a question. When curls put their heads in their shells, do their spines buckle or contract?

Ryan: You been on any conspiracies?

HB: We were gonna be on Brain Walsby's tape but I haven't written back and he's kind of bummed.

Fred: R! Brian.

Chris: It's in the mail. Brian.

HB: Do you guys answer your mail? This is a trick question. No, you don't answer your mail. When we first started this zine along time ago, I wrote to you for an interview and never got a reply.

Fred: We wrote back. We just take a long time.

HB: Well don't bother now.

Fred: What address did you send it to?

HB: Well, it might not be your fault. I sent it c/o Farblissom.

Ryan: Oh, Bob??

Mark: We'll never get it. That's Bob's fault.

Fred: We'll cash it in for money. It got sucked into the hole.

Ryan: Do you want to know a Justice League secret? Have you ever heard that song by Black Flag "Kira's got the 10's"? They made that cuz of Mark. I swear it's true. We were gonna do that song but Black Flag stole it from us.

Chris: That's true, I swear to God. One day I was going took-a-cat, took-a-tat... and he goes:

Ryan: I'm Ryan. I got the 1's. That's Chris he's got the 2's. That's Fred. He's got the 3's, and Mark's got the 10's... And they stole it.

Fred: Henry, I'm after you!

HB: I bet you guys have jobs.

Ryan: Uh, no. I don't. I got fired at Toxic Shock. I worked there for 2 years.

Chris: He and Fred have the best jobs you can have. You ever get breaks? We're always on breaks. We're check runners. Well

he runs pigs and I run checks.

Fred: And one time it broke on my hand. I was pissed off.

Ryan: He works for a lab.

Mark: I bag groceries.

HB: He and Harold did that for a couple of years. Chris, want a beer?

Chris: No thanks. I've already had a bar of soap.

Ryan: That was dumb. I don't get it.

HB: There's some trash by the kitchen door. I'm not going to empty it until you're done. I know what I'm saying?

HB: I'll take care of it.

Chris: You Utahans are so tidy.

HB: See, if we don't process the trash in a specific manner, it confuses the order of things.

Fred: Why don't we have Phil interview us?

HB: Okay. Someone grab me a chair. Fred, what is your goal in life?

Fred: To fly a commercial airliner. I want to be a pilot for Punk Airways.

Mark: Mark, what is your goal in life?

Mark: That's a generic question. You already asked it.

HB: Oh, okay. Are you a Marxist?

Mark: Not really.

HB: Do you believe in socialized medicine?

Mark: Occasionally.

Fred: What do you think, Fred?

Fred: Well, I think the economy is a little loaded, but the marginal propensity is in... No, I'm not into economy.

Mark: But the stoichiometry's off.

Fred: I think budget cuts are the most stupid thing. If the government isn't in a deficit.

Chris: Fred, no politics.

Fred: Okay. This isn't a politricks band.

Ryan: We'll leave that to NBC.

Fred: But I'm serious. A deficit is good for the economy.

HB: I have a knock-knock joke and I want Mark to start it.

Mark: Knock-knock.

HB: Who's there?

Mark: I dunno.

HB: What does the future hold in store for Justice League?

Ryan: We're putting out a record before we go on tour.

HB: Bob promised "Shattered Dreams" would be out by the 14th.

Fred: There's gonna be a 7" before the tour.

Mark: That's only a maybe, coz we don't have the money to put it out.

Ryan: It's gonna be called "The 7 Gates of Utah".

Fred: "Utah Waits!"

Ryan: "Sink or Utah".

HB: Perfect, coz you can't sink in the Great Salt Lake.

Chris: Utah was fun...

All: But we wouldn't wanna live here!"

HB: Anything else?

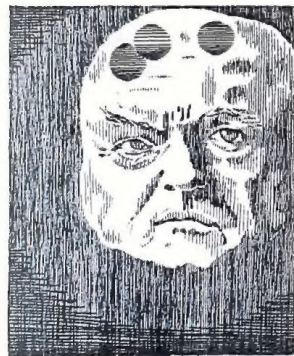
Mark: Don't take much of anything we said seriously.

Chris: The game Cat's Cradle. There's no cat. There's no cradle. It's just string.

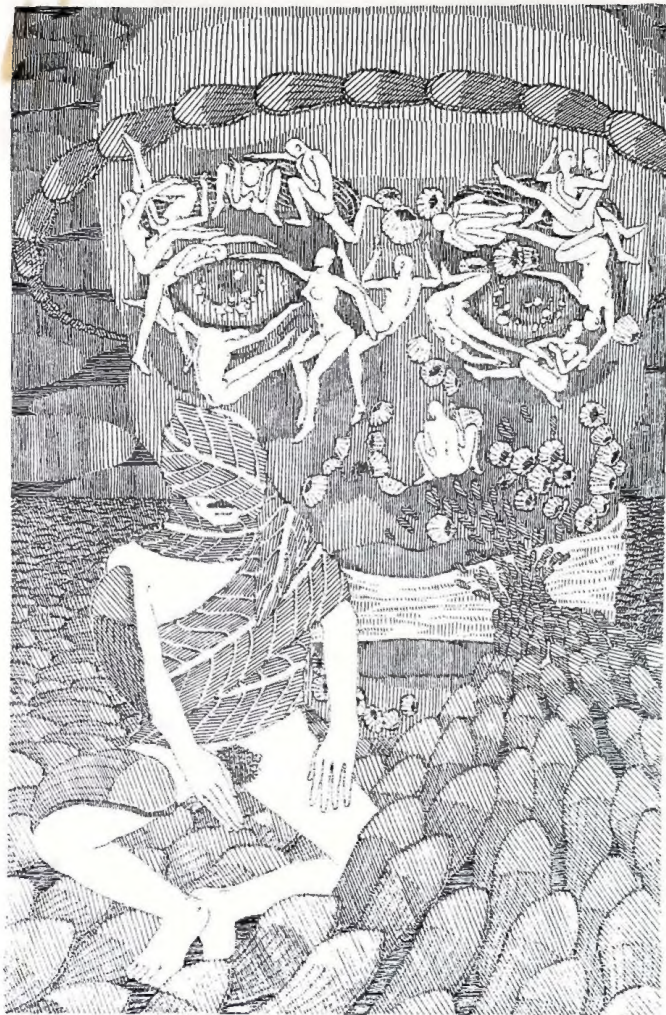
Fred: Be kind to animals. Really.

Ryan: I'm proud to be black and that's a fact. Staling 13 got back together but they're metal now.

ALL I EVER WANTED WAS THE IMPOSSIBLE . . .



FROM
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